

## PAW 1747

### Chapter 1747

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

"Midnight!"

"Happy New Year!"

"It's a new year!"

At midnight, the countdown on the Spring Festival Gala ended. The people in the villa applauded and celebrated. Xie Hao went out and personally set off a string of firecrackers crackling outside. After the celebration, the Spring Festival Gala continued with more programs. Taking advantage of this moment, Xia Yanzhen and Ci Lifan went to the kitchen to make dumplings. Although many people had eaten around 8 o'clock and weren't very hungry, eating dumplings during the New Year was customary.

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone kept ringing. Most of those present were senior leaders, even Xie Jing, who was a cadre. At this time, most people were paying New Year's greetings.

Everyone answered their phones one after another, suddenly bustling.

Dong Xuebing was no exception. He answered several calls from old friends and subordinates with good relationships, as those who called at this time were mostly those with excellent relationships.

For example, Luo Haiting.

"Dong Director, it's me, Luo."

"Sister Luo, Happy New Year."

"The same to you. Happy New Year. I wish you a successful year ahead."

"Haha, thank you for your kind words. Take care of your loved ones and children."

"Sure, I know you're busy. I won't disturb you for now. I'll visit your home on the second day of the new year."

After answering several calls, Dong Xuebing made a few calls, such as to his unit leaders, his old mother, Yang Zhaode, and Uncle Yang. Finally, he found a quiet corner and secretly called Yu Meixia, Jiang Fangfang, Qu Yunxuan, Xu Yan, Zhang Longjuan, Geng Yuehua, and others. This call lasted longer, chatting with each of the women who were closest to him.

"Dinner's ready."

"The dumplings are here."

"Come and eat, Xiao Bing, stop calling."

Xia Yanzhen and Ci Lifen took care of everyone, placing several steaming plates of dumplings on the table.

Dong Xuebing responded and hung up the phone before sitting down. He waited for the elders to start eating before picking up one and tasting it. Mmm, delicious!

Ci Lifen said, "Xiaohao, eat."

Xie Hao sneered, "I'm not even hungry."

"Even if you're not hungry, eat a few. Hurry up," Ci Lifen urged her son.

Xie Hao hummed, "I just finished dinner. You guys eat, don't mind me."

Dong Xuebing criticized and educated him, "It's not about being hungry. Eating dumplings during the New Year is a tradition and a respect for our republic's culture over the years. Even if you're not hungry, symbolically eat one. It's not easy for our family to gather like this. Why do you want to be different?"

Xie Guoliang smiled and said, "Xiao bing is right. Haha."

Xie Hao was unconvinced. "You're all superstitious."

"Superstition and culture are two different concepts," Dong Xuebing said as he handed him a dumpling. "Quick, eat one. It's delicious. I guarantee you'll want another."

Xie Hao reluctantly tasted one and struggled to swallow it, but his eyes brightened after he had eaten it. "Hey, it's delicious. I'll have another, hehe."

Dong Xuebing laughed. "See, I told you so. My mom and aunts' cooking skills are unparalleled."

Han Jing pointed at him with a smile. "This kid knows how to flatter in every way. Haha, but mom loves it!"

The family enjoyed the hot dumplings; the table's atmosphere was warm and harmonious, chatting intermittently, fully immersed in the New Year spirit.

After dinner, Senior Xie went upstairs to rest. Given his age and health, staying up so late was already quite challenging. Han Jing and Xia Yanzhen accompanied him upstairs.

Xie Hao wanted to set off firecrackers, so he dragged Hou Ming outside. Xie Ran, Xie Jing, and others stayed downstairs to continue watching the Spring Festival Gala with the elders.

Dong Xuebing also stayed downstairs, sipping tea and watching TV. He wouldn't sleep so early because he had things on his mind. Earlier, Han Jing mentioned asking for Xie Guobang's opinion. Dong Xuebing was waiting for news on this matter. It wasn't something he could ignore—it concerned his future development and work direction. Dong Xuebing focused entirely on work; he cared most about this transfer opportunity. If it went through, it would be a significant leap for

him. However, the critical issue was that he couldn't easily discuss these matters with his family. He couldn't explain everything clearly, so he felt uneasy, unsure if his family would agree or assist him with the transfer. His reasons weren't entirely convincing, making him anxious.

Ten minutes later, Han Jing came down from upstairs.

"Has Grandpa rested?" Xie Guobang asked.

Han Jing nodded. "He's lying down. They did an ECG and checked his blood pressure—nothing to worry about. He's resting with the health doctor."

Xie Guobang nodded. "Thanks to Xiao Bing, this time, Grandpa's illness has been treated. Otherwise, he wouldn't have spent the New Year so comfortably."

"Yeah, this kid always manages to surprise us," Han Jing remarked.

Looking at his watch, Xie Guobang said, "We're not leaving today. Shall we rest, too?"

"Sure, but come here first. I need to talk to you about something," Han Jing said.

"Hmm? What's going on?" Xie Guobang glanced at his wife. "Can't we talk here?"

"Just come over." With so many people around, Han Jing didn't elaborate. "It's about Xiao Bing."

Xie Guobang nodded and followed his wife upstairs. Everyone downstairs was still watching the Spring Festival Gala, and few people were upstairs. Xie Guobang asked, "What is it?"

Dong Xuebing also noticed their conversation and glanced up.

Once upstairs, Han Jing sighed. "It's about Xiao Bing. He mentioned earlier that he wants to be promoted to Deputy Bureau Director this year."

Xie Guobang shook his head. "He's not even close to that level yet."

"I told him the same. With his current experience and the situation, becoming a Deputy Bureau Director within a year is impossible," Han Jing said helplessly. "But this boy, you know him. He's obsessed with official ranks. Just now, he came to me again, insisting on being transferred to some county—Jiao Lin County, I think—to take up a grassroots official position. I don't even know what to say anymore."

Xie Guobang pondered. "Jiao Lin County? Where is that?"

"It's a small county in northern Shaanxi Province, as he described it. I've never heard of it," Han Jing said. "Xiao Bing seems determined to go there."

Xie Guobang waved his hand. "Why go there? He hasn't made any major mistakes. Transfers are usually upward steps, not downward. Although being County Party Secretary or County Governor is considered equivalent to his current position, the responsibilities differ. If the accumulation of experience in grassroots work is already sufficient, there's not much meaning in going there—at least not in alignment with his current position."

Han Jing sighed, "I told him the same, but this kid just won't listen. He insists on going down there and even says he'd settle for County Governor if need be."

Xie Guobang asked, "What's he thinking?"

Shaking her head, Han Jing replied, "Who knows? What our son-in-law is thinking is beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. He's always been unpredictable, you know that. But every time Xiao Bing decides, he's not wrong. Like during the earthquake and many other instances where no one believed him, Xiao Bing went ahead against all odds, and it turned out he was right. So, even though I know it's not suitable, I hesitated momentarily and thought about discussing it with you instead of giving him a direct answer."

Xie Guobang pondered, "You have a point. This boy always has some uncanny ability that defies logic."

"So, what do you think we should do? Should we approve his transfer?" Han Jing asked.

Xie Guobang replied, "Let me talk to Xiao Bing about it."

"Okay, but please don't criticize him. I'm serious," Han Jing said firmly, protecting her son-in-law.

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A while later, Xie Guobang waved from upstairs, "Xiao Bing, come up here for a moment."

Dong Xuebing sighed; he knew what this was about. "Dad, I'm coming."

Taking the stairs, Dong Xuebing found Xie Guobang waiting for him upstairs. "I heard you want to go to a county in northern Shaanxi. Have you made up your mind? Are you sure about this?"

Dong Xuebing nodded firmly, "Yes."

Xie Guobang continued, "Working at the grassroots level won't have the same environment as the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. It might affect your future development and delay your promotion. Are you prepared for that?"

"I'm prepared, Dad. I've worked in nationally designated impoverished counties before; these challenges are manageable for me," Dong Xuebing assured him.

Xie Guobang looked him in the eye.

Dong Xuebing met his gaze without flinching.

After a moment, Xie Guobang nodded, "Alright, since you've decided, there's not much we can say. You've always been someone who doesn't listen to others' advice. If you're willing to go, go ahead. But let me make it clear: I can only help you make contacts. Neither Grandpa nor I can manipulate that if you want to go to northern Shaanxi. You might not know, but that area belongs to the Fang family's territory. I can't easily manage trying to transfer a county Party Secretary or County Governor. Our family's relationship with the Fangs has never been great. Moreover, the Central Organization Department will pose significant difficulties. You were just promoted to Deputy Section Chief not long ago. Trying to transfer now will be very challenging. Are you prepared for this?"

"Fang family's territory? I had no idea," Dong Xuebing admitted.

"And there are obstacles from the Central Organization Department?" he continued.

After a moment, Dong Xuebing reaffirmed, "Dad, I've made up my mind. I must go this time, or I'll miss this opportunity in the future."

"Alright, give it a try then. As long as there's a vacancy in Jiao Lin County and the Central Organization Department approves, I'll help with the rest," Xie Guobang agreed.